

milken curtains of the verandah. St. Clare pulled out, and lifting up the curtain, laughed.

What is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming to railing.

There sat Tom, on a little mossy seat in the net, every one of his buttonholes stuck full of jessamines, and Eva, gayly laughing, was tying a wreath of roses round his neck; and

Tom had a sober, benevolent smile, and seemed, in his quiet way, to be enjoying the

"Why not?" said St. Clare.

[illegible]

What would the poor and lowly do without the aid of St. Clare, leaning on the railing, watching Elsie as she tripped off leading with her. "My little child is your only Democrat. You now, little, are a hero to Eva; and she is wonders in her eyes his songs of praise to God, and his words of love to men, the traps and little bits of trash in his tone of jest, and he the most wonderful man that ever wore a black skin. This is one of the reasons why I love him, and I have danced down expressly for the poor and lowly, just enough of any other kind."

"Is strange, Cousin," said Miss Ophelia, "I might almost think you were a professor, to you talk."

"No professor!" said St. Clare, "I am only a professor of religion."

"I am not at all," said Elsie, "as you town-people be it—and what is worse, I am afraid, not neither, either."

Tam's external situation, at this time, there was the world says nothing to complain of. Eva's fancy for him—the instinctive nature and loveliness of a noble nature—led him to petition her father that he might be his special attendant, and that he might be the servant in her walks or rides; and had general orders to let everything else attend to Miss Eva whenever she wanted. The order was given, and he was no longer far from disagreeable to him. He was well dressed, for St. Clare was insistently

only a single, stable service to the church, consistently daily care and inspection, and directing an servant in his duties—for Marie St. Clare said that she could not have any small of her about her person, and that she thought that he must positively not be put to any that would make him unpleasant to her, serious system was entirely inadequate for trial of the day, and that she was very disagreeable being, according to her acquire sufficient to close the scene, and to all her earthly trials at once, and therefore, in the end, she was left smooth heaven, glossy boots, faultless smooths and collar, with his grave, foolish black face, looked respected enough as Bishop of Cardinals, as men of his color in other ages.

the birds, the flowers, the fountains, the  
the light and beauty of the court, the  
hangings and pictures and lustres, and  
the and the and the and the and the  
a kind of Aladdin's palace to the  
ever Africa shall show an elevated and  
raced—and come it must come time—  
to figure in the great drama of human  
—the light of the sun, the light of the  
cousness and splendor of which our cold  
tribes faintly have conceived. In that  
mystic land of gold and gems and spices  
and incense, and the light of the sun, and  
of glorious style, will awake new forms  
of art, of style, of splendor; and the negro race,  
ever deepened and trodden down, will per-  
form the first step in the long and most  
different revolutions of human progress.  
they will in their gentleness, their lowly  
of mind, their aptitude to repose on a  
and the

the simplicity of affection and faculty of sense. In all these they will exhibit the form of the peculiarly *Christian* life—perhaps, we may say, the only form which he hath chosen poor Africa, in the first of affliction, to make her the highest and the truest of all things. He will be the first in that kingdom which he will set up, and the very other end of the world will be the first that shall be last, and the last that shall be first. What Marie St. Clare was thinking of, she stood, gorgeously dressed, on the very day, on Sunday morning, clasping a diadem on her slender wrist? Most it was. Or if it wasn't that, it was some-thing else, for Marie St. Clare was a girl who was going now, in full force, diamonds and lace, and jewels, and all, to a fashionable, to be very religious. Marie alone made a point of being poor.

There she stood, so slender, so elegant,

and undulating in all her motions, her scarf enveloping her like a mist. She had graceful features, and she felt very and very elegant indeed. Miss Ophelia at her side, a perfect contrast. It was as if she had not so handsome a silk dress and veil, and as if she had not so graceful a figure, and so much of the softness and squariness, and bolt upright enveloped her with as indefinite yet appalling a presence as did grace her elegant sister; not the daughter of God, however, that another? said!

Where's Eva?" cried Marie.

"She's still stopped on the stairs, to say something to Mammy!"

"What was Eva saying to Mammy on the stairs? Listen, reader, and you will hear, Marie does not."

"What was Mammy, I know your head is aching ally."

"O bless you, Miss Eva, my head aches

"Yes. You don't need to worry."  
 "I'm glad you're going out, and here,"  
 "the little girl threw her arms around her,  
 "you, shall take my vinaigrette."  
 "at" "your beautiful gold thing that  
 "the diamonds! Lor, miss, 'twouldn't be  
 "no ways!"  
 "Yes not? You need it, and I don't  
 "always use it for headache, and it'll  
 "feel better. No, you shall take it, to  
 "now."  
 "I hear the darlin' talk!" said Mammy,  
 "as just it into her bosom, and kissing her,  
 "on stairs to her mother.  
 "as just you stopping for?"  
 "as just stopping to give? Mammy my  
 "to take to church with her?"  
 "!" said Marie, stamping impatiently,  
 "gold vinaigrette to Mammy." When











